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ELEGY

ON THE LATE

RIOTS IN BRISTOL.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]



ELEGY,
ON
THE LATE UNFORTUNATE
RIOTS

WHICH HAPPENED IN
BRISTOL,

Respecting the Bridge Tolls;

PARTICULARIZING

The Deaths

Which were occasioned on **MONDAY, September 30, 1793,**

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE

FIRE FROM THE MILITARY.

By N. J.

Bristol:

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Sold also by the Bookfellers in Town.

ELLEGY

ON

THE LATE UNITED STATES

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PREFACE.

THE Author in composing the following Verses (a Production too hasty to be without many Faults), assures a generous *Public*, that his Motive in so doing was merely to rescue from Oblivion so important an Action. It was at first intended for his own private Purpose; but having been repeatedly solicited by several of his Friends for a Copy (to oblige all of whom would be utterly impossible), he was at last prevailed upon to make it public. If to the distressed it afford a consolatory Idea; if to those who are not immediately concerned

it causes a tender Emotion for their unfortunate Fellow-creatures, if to the younger Class it is easier retained by their Memory and be a Caution against inadvertently joining Mobs in future, his Wishes will be amply fulfilled.

In Hopes of which, he remains,

The Public's devoted humble Servant,

The Author.

E L E G Y.

1

TH E darken'd night forbode the hour,
 The Moon in anguish, hid her head;
 The Stars refus'd their lesser power,
 And ev'ry twinkling gleam was fled.

2

Sad portent of the awful scene,
 The hastening crisis would display;
 Depictive of the Gulph—between
 Where, Death and Life connected lay!

3

Here, let the sympathizing heart,
 That's us'd to feel for other's woe,
 With me regretting, sigh, impart,
 And bid soft pity's tear to flow:

4

Here, mourn the Father Wife, the Friend
For unprotected Children feel ;
Justice ! thy rigid heart unbend,
And weep at *woes* that I reveal :

5

When heedless, rush'd the *giddy Few*,
Their fatal cause for to sustain ;
Full many an *Innocent* they drew,
Whom Curiosity *detain*.

6

And now they force the pond'rous Door,
That for so many years had stood ;
And from its hinges as they tore,
Commit to fire, the crackling wood.

7

Loud sound Huzzas ! the Croud elate,
The tables, chairs quickly threw :
When lo ! behold, with solemn pace
Upon their front, the *Soldiers* drew !

8

Affail'd by Stones, they quickly fled !
Their irritated blood arise ;
Their cheeks inflam'd with glowing red,
And lightning flashing from their eyes.

9

Mad for to think of their Retreat,
With imprecations, swear Revenge ;
And now their Officer they meet,
Who vows their cause for to avenge !

10

Loud beats the Drum, with awful sound !
To Arms ! To Arms ! The Soldiers flew,
Impatient, stamp't the muddy ground,
As 'fore the *Council-house* they drew.

11

Here 'twas HORATIO I beheld ;
My best, my kindest, truest friend :
What anxious thoughts my bosom swell'd,
That office forc'd him to attend :

12

Whose heart humanity possess'd ;
 Who pity'd those that were miss'd ;
 Whose countenance was now depress'd,
 And seem'd the *fad* Event to dread !

13

Willing to share with him his fate,
 (Not prompted by a curious eye ;)
 My heart in silent sorrow beat,
 As we the fatal *Bridge* drew nigh.

14

But e'er we reach'd th' intended stand ;
 E'er we had gain'd our destin'd place ;
 We heard the *cruel, fad* Command,
 To FIRE !—The Soldiers glad embrace !

15

Prefs'd by the mob to *Bridge-street-gate*,
 Distracting cries the air did fill !
 When, ah ! expir'd at my feet,
 (I saw thy corpse) unhappy GILL !*

* Mr. *Gill*, Shoemaker, in Broadmead, who had been married only a twelvemonth, and whose wife had lain in but a month before of twins, was returning from buying leather.

16

Doom'd for to leave thy tender Wife,
And the dear babes she lately bore ;
Bereav'd, unthinking of thy life !
What heart but shall thy loss deplore!

17

Stranger wert thou to Riot's Cause,
The *humble Errand* brought thee there ;
Broke, but *unknowingly*, the Laws,
Thy presence paid for — too severe !

18

O ! POWELL !* well might it be said,
" In midst of *life* we are in *death* :"
Thou, who so late full health display'd,
Was order'd to resign thy breath.

19

For thee no tender Wife complains :
No children on thy bier attend ;

* Mr. Powell, Baker, in Castle-street, had been just advising
the Mob to retreat.

But, ah! Community sustains
Thy loss, thou much respected *Friend*.

20

For thee, the Poor shall drop a tear,
The stubborn heart shall heave a sigh;
The Rich thy memory revere,
And o'er thy grave the meeker cry.

21

For, ah! by lenient means, thou try'd
Their raging passions to assuage;
In doing good—Alas! thou dy'd:
Victim to cruel *Party's* rage.

22

And thou, too, BENNETT,* thoughtless Lad!
Whose early Years scarce evil knew;
To view the blazing fire was glad,
Nor thought that *Death* fast on thee drew!

* Mr. Bennett, Cooper's Son in Redcliff-street, had not been
from home more than half an hour.

23

Thou *cruel Soldier* ! — bloody mind !
Who levell'd on thy *bended Knee*,
Exulting, saw the lad reclin'd,
And wish'd that all the same could be.

24

Didst thou e'er feel a Parent's care ;
Didst thou a cruel loss sustain ;
If not, sure, heaven will grant their prayer,
Make thee a sharer of their pain.

25

Thou ALDRIDGE,* too, who scarce had saw
The sad, convuls'd, distracted Town !
Who'd never *heard* the *Riot Law*,
That to thy grave would send thee down !

26

Surpriz'd, thou view'd the concourse great,
Stop't, but the cause for to enquire ;

* Mr. *Aldridge*, a Gentleman of fortune, just come in Town,
and expired in the Infirmary——not known, carried there as a
Casualty.

When death forbad the wish'd retreat,
And the next Morn saw thee expire !

27

For thee, thy friends feel anguish keen ;
For thee they spend in *tears* the day :
No cheering prospect intervene ;
No Sun emits a pleasing ray.

28

How shall my muse, with horror fill'd,
Proceed to tell the lengthen'd tale ?
Be JONES,* or SIMMONS† death conceal'd ;
Or shall my Verse again prevail ?

29

Aghast ! she starts ! the gloomy View
Unbounded — racks her feeling Soul !
Children unborn the time shall rue,
That passion, *Virtue* dar'd controul.

* Mr. Jones, Brother to Mr. Jones, Brush Maker in Maryport-street.

† Mr. Simmons, just arrived in Town.

30

BEING Supreme! 'tis thine to cure
Alone — the perturbed mind ;
Ye troubl'd *Relatives*, endure
Affliction's Storm—and be resign'd.

The Number wounded, and carried to the Infirmary, was upwards of thirty : three of whom died in three Days.



63

